SECRET

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December 25, 1962 - Tuesday.

A heavy snow tonight made our Christmas white, but the ground was so frozen one could scarcely venture abroad. It would be impossible to leave the place by vehicle, even with chains.

Last night, E, Jamie, and Sasha [redacted] erected and equipped a Christmas tree. The rooms are swathed with holly. The kids were wild with excitement over assorted presents.

We ate a jumbo turkey dinner, and drank champagne.

The news on the radio was not cheerful, especially reports of violence in the Congo. In this remote place, murmurs or shouts of war seem almost illusory.

December 26, 1962 - Wednesday

Grateful though one is, the writing of Christmas thank you letters is almost like having a hangover. All hands turned to the task, however, and the deed was done.

We ventured out on the ice crust. The footing was unsatisfactory, but the sun came out, so there has been some melting.

DEPT. DEPT OF STATE A/CIRC/ISR
REG DATE 6-17-81

We are revelling in Virginia food--corn pone, corn fritters, corn sticks, tomatoes broiled in molasses, yams with marshmallows, chicken livers, giblet sauces, pork spare ribs, Brunswick stew, turnip greens.

The thermometer has risen to forty. I am reading diplomatic histories, interspersed with frivolities such as Cornelia Otis Skinner's Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals and A. J. Liebling's lively Between Meals. A serious delight was Joe Alsop's excursion into archaeology for the New Yorker, with his enthralling article on Pylos, where Nestor's palace has been discovered, and his description of the mysteries of "Linear B".

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